

The long journey downwards

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Category: Harry Potter

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-04 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-04 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:04:28

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 861

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: okay, please dont flame me, my second attempt at a fic. its H/H and hinda H/G, u'll get it when u read it

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A/N: I bet this sucks, but I tried and I know its also short, but bear with me! Constructive criticism welcome, but as long as you don't flame me. (sorry about the grammar and punctuation, I'm having a spot of bother with that in English :)) oh and spell-check's gone all weird!

Hermione Potter had finished a long day working hard at the office as editor of the Daily Prophet. She slumped in her bed, exhausted.

Her husband, however, was celebrating The Hogsmeade Bears' latest win at the The Three Broomsticks along with his fellow team-mates "Right Potter, this lot are as tipsy as lords, so I'm giving them a lift home, you coming?" Christophe Brakewood, The Bears' keeper offered Harry. "No thanks mate, I'll have another butterbeer then head off." "Oh, okay, see you at training on Monday then! Bye!" "Cheers pal" Harry smiled as he watched Christophe burst through the door of the pub after his fellow (drunken) Quidditch players. Harry sighed, and was about to order another drink, before-

"Harry!!" Harry swivelled round. "Oh Ginny! Hello there, its been a while eh?" he smiled and pulled up a stool for Ginny to sit on.

Ginny and Harry spent the next hour or so talking about what the last five years had brought for both of them. At last, Harry decided to retreat home. "Lovely to see you Harry, umm, why don't we have lunch together tomorrow? You know, just to talk?" Ginny suggested. Harry paused and thought for a moment. Would Hermione mind? Of course not! Ginny's his friend. Nothing more. "Great! How about that new Italian restaurant, Don Puello?" "Fine, anyway, see you tomorrow." Harry eventually left the pub and returned home to a sleeping Hermione in

their bed. He smiled and climbed in, falling asleep almost instantly.

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"I'll have the Spaghetti Carbonara please, oh and a glass of water." Ginny said to the waiter. He walked away, and Ginny and Harry began to talk. "It's so windy today isn't it!" she exclaimed, making a sweeping hand gesture. "Oh. Your bangle fell off. Here I'll get it." Harry said, bending down to pick up her bracelet. "That's very pretty" he said, admiring the bracelets' intricate rose design. "Why thank you." She smiled. Ginny looked into Harry's sea-green eyes. How she pined for him to have loved her, to have been in his arms, kissed his soft lips, and ran her hands through his glossy, raven-black hair. Harry caught her gaze, and moved his face closer to hers. Ginny closed her eyes, and pulled him towards her lips gently, her hand behind his neck. Their lips met in a passionate, tender kiss. Harry ran his fingers over her soft skin, and the wind tossed Ginneys hair up, playing with it. "Ahem." Interrupted the waiter. Harry and Ginny broke apart suddenly, gasping for breath. "On second thoughts, cancel my meal" Harry blurted, and walked quickly out of the restaurant, and he ran. He ran until his legs ached, and felt like they were about to drop off. He stopped breathless, at a bench a couple of blocks away from his house.

How could I do this to Hermione? I love Hermione. Harry thought. He decided to walk home. He couldn't hide something like this from his wife! Wouldn't she forgive him? He plodded into the house, guilt ridden. "Harry! I was wondering where you were! Oh, are you okay? You look troubled." "Hermione. I have something to tell you." He sighed, sat down and closed his eyes. "I, I had lunch with Ginny Weasley today-" "What's wrong with that? I mean, you are her friend!" "well, it wasn't that big a deal, but well, we were talking, and she dropped her bracelet, and well, one thing lead to another, and it happened" "WHAT happened?" "we kissed-I swear it didn't mean a thing. I thought you should know" "Damn right I should know my husbands a cheater! How could you DO this to me Harry?" "I never meant for it to happen" "I don't believe you Harry" "why?" "Oh., after THIS!" "but, you know I didn't do it intentionally. Please forgive me." "I THOUGHT I knew you." And with that, Hermione was gone.

Hermione had gone to live with her friend for a few days. Harry was distraught, and so was Hermione. All she could think about was how much she loved him, but the fact he betrayed her. How could he do this to her? Harry deeply regretted what he had done, and went out searching for her. Where would she be? Of course, Flourish and Blotts.

Harry raced up to the top floor of Flourish and Blotts, and there she was. "Hermione" he panted. "Hermione don't walk away from me please! Please. I love you.....I love you Hermione." She felt hot tears well up in her eyes as she heard this, turning swiftly on her heel, Hermione boarded the escalator, ignoring the calls of Harry, and began the long journey downwards.

End  
file.